**Roisin’s Dice Game Story**

She sat. She stared. Bridie couldn’t believe it. The dice had moved. That stupid little present from Davi that Bridie would never actually call a *present*, had moved. By itself. Bridie shook her head and closed her eyes. No, it couldn’t have moved by itself. It was just her mind playing tricks on her. Bridie opened her eyes. *Plonk*. Bridie turned to look at the dice. Now the number three was looking at her.   
After her birthday party, Bridie had placed the dice down on her desk with the number six looking at her. Gradually, it had moved so that the number facing her had changed from six, to two, to one, to four, to five, and now three. Bridie stared in amazement. Now that was a present.  
Bridie walked over to the dice. She narrowed her eyes.  
“What’s your secret?” She whispered.   
“What secret!?” Bridie started, jumped, and hit her head hard on the sloped ceiling of her bedroom.   
“Ow!” She cried, her hand flying to her head.  
“Bridie, are you okay up there?” Her mum called.   
“Yes, Mum!” Bridie looked at the dice.  
“Was that...that...you?” She said to it.  
“Well is there anyone else in here?” A voice said. Bridie jumped again, but was careful not to bump her head: her little brother Mike had gotten concussion from constantly bumping his head on his bedroom ceiling.  
“N..no.” Bridie replied to the voice.  
“Well then who could have said it but me? Hmm?” The voice said.  
“Well who are...you?” Bridie enquired.  
“I’m that *stupid* present from Davi. That quite offended me by the way.  I don’t like being called stupid.” The voice said.  
“You mean...you’re the dice?” Bridie whispered.  
“Well of course, girl! Use your head!” Bridie jumped, hitting her head again.  
“Ow! You’ve got to stop yelling at me. I’ll get concussion.” Bridie said, rubbing the egg that was forming on her head.  
“Well sorry, but I have more important things to attend to.” The dice said.  
“Like what?” Bridie asked.  
“Like finding someone to play my game with.”  
“Game?”  
“Yes, Game.”  
“What game?”  
“My game, girl! Use your memory!” Bridie jumped, hitting her head.  
“Stop making me jump!”  
“Sorry, but I told you, I have more important things to attend to.”  
“And why is finding someone to play your 'game’ with you so important?”  
“Because otherwise I’ll burn!”  
“Burn!?”  
“Yes, BURN!” Bridie jumped, again hitting her head.  
“OW!” Bridie screamed.  
“Bridie are you sure you’re okay up there?” Bridie’s mum called.  
“YES MUM!” Bridie said. “So why will you *burn* if you don’t find someone to play your dice game with you?” She whispered to the dice.  
“Oh, it’s just a little curse, nothing to worry about. Provided you play with me.” The dice replied.  
“Great, a curse. Okay, how do you play?” Bridie sighed. The dice rolled to the right. A small piece of paper appeared from under where it had been sitting. Bridie picked it up and unfolded it.

**Dice Game**

**Instructions: Get a six sided dice. Roll the dice. If you get a seven,**   
**roll again, and add seven to the number you roll and write it down. If**  
**you do not roll a seven, simply write down**   
**that one number you get. Do this ten times each. The person who**  
**has the highest score at the end of the game, wins.**  
  
**Rules: No cheating. No rolling a zero. Have fun.**

"Well that's a pretty stupid game. You can't roll a seven on a six sided dice. And you can't roll a zero either. And how am I supposed to have fun? That's a pretty boring game." Bridie snorted.  
"Yes well if you were in my position, you too would have tried to make up a game that wouldn't take very long." The dice replied. "And besides, when you play the game with me, you *can* roll a seven and a zero. Just turn me round and round, then you'll see." Bridie picked the dice up, then turned it round and round. Six, three, two, one, five, four, zero, seven!  
"Wow!" Bridie exclaimed.   
"Exactly." Said the dice. "So lets play."  
"Hold on. How do you play when you're the dice?"  
"I roll myself."  
"But wouldn't you control the numbers you get? That would count as cheating you know." Bridie pointed out.  
"No I don't control what number is the result, so lets just play!" The dice said angrily.  
"Okay, okay."  
"Good. Now roll me." Brodie picked up the dice, and then rolled it across the table. The dice showed no sign of pain. The number seven appeared.  
"Yes!" Bridie cried.  
"Roll again." The dice sighed. Bridie rolled again. Six.  
"Okay, add six to seven then write that under your name. My turn." The dice instructed. Bridie grabbed a pen and paper and wrote down her score. She felt as if the game would go on forever.   
  
Finally, the game DID end. Bridie won, to her surprise.   
“Well, thank you for playing with me.” The dice concluded. “You have saved my life.”  
“Don’t I get anything? Like a prize?” Bridie asked slowly.  
“Oh, yes, of course! I forgot. A wish. Anything you want.” The dice said.  
“Okay....umm.....I know! I wish that whenever I say I wish, I wish, I wish, I get whatever I wish for!” Bridie cried.  
“Consider it done.” The dice replied. And with that, he was gone.

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